

# California

## EMA

Fuck California  
You made me boring  
I bled all blood out  
But these red pants they don't show that  
My old friends though they know that  
And when I sold them I sold that I'm sorry Gracie girl you're golden I'm sorry Steven and Andrew  
That I ever left you  
You never seen the ocean  
You never been on a plane  
Schizophrenia rules the brain  
Aliens coming to take you away  
You're still my favorite  
Past Life Martyred Saint  
Gimme the places I'll give you the names  
Wasted away alone on the plains  
What's it like to be small-town and gay?  
Fuck it baby I know you'll never change So hold me down but I got it  
Quick hit to the face  
Soft blow to the mouth  
On Christmas morning You're bleeding from the fingertips  
You rubbed me raw you rubbed me wrong  
And I heave when I think of you Oh! California Now you've corrupted us all  
With your sexuality  
Tried to tell me love was free  
Tried to tell me love was free  
Us and them baby  
You You You You and Me Oh Love! In the time of scandal  
Love in the form of tragedy  
Love so much so real so fucked it's 5150 But I'm just 22 and I don't mind dyin' What does failure taste like?  
To me it tastes like dirt  
And I'm beggin' you please to look away I bet you money on the bob-tail nag  
somebody bet on the bay I saw Joseph carrying the gun  
I saw Mary carrying the gun  
The Gun The Gun The Gun  
The Gun carrying The Gun I saw Grandpa  
carrying The Gun  
I saw Grandma  
carrying The Gun  
The Gun The Gun The Gun

The Gun carrying The GunI used to carrying The Gun

The Gun The Gun The Gun

The Gun carrying The Gun

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